

Keeping them prisoner vnderneath his wings:
Yet if this seruile vsage once offend,
Go, and be free againe, as Suffolkes friend. *She is going*
Oh stay: I haue no power to let her passe,
My hand would free her, but my heart sayes no.
As playes the Sunne vpon the glasse fireames,
Twinkling another counterfett beame,
So seemes this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Faine would I woo her, yet I dare not speake:
He call for Pen and Inke, and write my minde:
Fye De la Pole, disable not thy selfe:
Hast not a Tongue? Is she not heere?
Wilt thou be daunted at a Womans sight?
I: Beauties Princely Maiessty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.
Mar. Say Earle of Suffolke, if thy name be so,
What ranfome must I pay before I passe?
For I perceiue I am thy prisoner.
Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suite,
Before thou make a triall of her loue?
M. Why speak'st thou not? What ranfome must I pay?
Suf. She's beautifull; and therefore to be wooed:
She is a Woman; therefore to be wonne.
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ranfome, yea or no?
Suf. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife,
Then how can *Margaret* be thy Paramour?
Mar. I were best to leaue him, for he will not heare.
Suf. There all is marr'd: there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talkes at random: sure the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a dispensation may bee had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me:
Suf. He win this Lady *Margaret*. For whom?
Why for my King: Tush, that's a woodden thing.
Mar. He talkes of wood: It is some Carpenter.
Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established betwene these Realmes.
But there remains a scruple in that too:
For though her Father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Anion and Mayne, yet is he poore,
And our Nobility will scorne the match.
Mar. Heare ye Captaine? Are you not at leysure?
Suf. It shall be so, disdaine they ne're so much:
Henry is youthfull, and will quickly yeeld.
Madam, I haue a secret to reueale.
Mar. What though I be intral'd, he seems a knight
And will not any way dishonor me.
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French,
And then I need not craue his curtesie.
Suf. Sweet Madam, giue me hearing in a cause.
Mar. Tush, women haue bene captiuate ere now.
Suf. Lady, wherefore talke you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid pro Quo*.
Suf. Say gentle Princeesse, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queene?
Mar. To be a Queene in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a slaue, in base serulity:
For Princes should be free.
Suf. And so shall you,
If happy Englands Royall King be free.
Mar. Why what concerns his freedome vnto mee?
Suf. He vnder take to make thee *Henries* Queene,
To put a Golden Scepter in thy hand,
And set a precious Crowne vpon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my
Mar. What?

Suf. His loue.
Mar. I am vnworthy to be *Henries* wife.
Suf. No gentle Madam, I vnworthy am
To woo so faire a Dame to be his wife,
And haue no portion in the choice my selfe.
How say you Madam, are ye so content?
Mar. And if my Father please, I am content.
Suf. Then call our Capitaines and our Colours forth,
And Madam, at your Fathers Castle walles,
Wee'l craue a parley, to conferre with him.
Sound. Enter *Reignier* on the Walles.
See *Reignier* see, thy daughter prisoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolke, what remedy?
I am a Souldier, and vnapt to weepe,
Or to exclaime on Fortunes sicklenesse.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough my Lord,
Consent, and for thy Honor giue consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my King,
Whom I with paine haue wooed and wonne thereto:
And this her easie held imprisonment,
Hath gain'd thy daughter Princely libertie.
Reig. Speakes Suffolke as he thinkes?
Suf. Faire *Margaret* knowes,
That Suffolke doth not flatter, face, or faine.
Reig. Vpon thy Princely warrant, I descend,
To giue thee answer of thy iust demand.
Suf. And heere I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sound. Enter *Reignier*.

Reig. Welcome braue Earle into our Territories,
Command in *Anion* what your Honor pleases.
Suf. Thanks *Reignier*, happy for so sweet a Childe,
Fit to be made companion with a King:
What answer makes your Grace vnto my suite?
Reig. Since thou dost daigne to woo her little worth,
To be the Princely Bride of such a Lord:
Vpon condition I may quietly
Enioy mine owne, the Country *Maine* and *Anion*,
Free from oppression, or the stroke of Warre,
My daughter shall be *Henries*, if he please.
Suf. That is her ranfome, I deliuer her,
And those two Counties I will vnder take
Your Grace shall well and quietly enioy.
Reig. And I againe in *Henries* Royall name,
As Deputy vnto that gracious King,
Giue thee her hand for signe of plighted faith.
Suf. *Reignier* of France, I giue thee Kingly thanks,
Because this is in Trafficke of a King.
And yet me thinkes I could be well content
To be mine owne Atturney in this case.
He ouer then to England with this newes.
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd:
So farewell *Reignier*, set this Diamond safe
In Golden Pallaces as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian Prince King *Henrie* were he heere.
Mar. Farewell my Lord, good wishes, praise, & prayer,
Shall Suffolke euer haue of *Margaret*. *She is going*
Suf. Farewell sweet Madam: but hearken you *Margaret*,
No Princely commendations to my King?
Mar. Such commendations as becomes a Maide,
A Virgin, and his Seruant, say to him.
Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestie directed,

But Madam, I must trouble you againe,
No louing Token to his Maiessty?
Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure vnspotted heart,
Neuer yet taint with loue, I send the King. *Kisse her.*
Suf. And this withall.
Mar. That for thy selfe, I will not so presume,
To send such peeuit tokens to a King.
Suf. Oh wert thou for my selfe: but *Suffolke* stay,
Thou mayest not wandert in that Labyrinth,
There Minotours and vgly Treasons lurke,
Solicite *Henry* with her wonderous praise.
Bethinke thee on her Vertues that surmount,
Mad naturall Graces that extinguish Art,
Repeate their semblance often on the Seas,
That when thou com'st to kneele at *Henries* seere,
Thou mayest beere him of his wits with wonder. *Exit*

Enter *Yorke*, *Warwicke*, *Shepherd*, *Pucell*.

Yor. Bring forth that Sorecresse condemn'd to burne.
Shep. Ah *Ione*, this kills thy Fathers heart out-right,
Haue I sought euery Country farre and neere,
And now it is my chance to finde thee out,
Must I behold thy timelesse cruell death:
Ah *Ione*, sweet daughter *Ione*, Ile die with thee.
Pucell. Decrepit Miser, base ignoble Wretch,
I am descended of a gentler blood.
Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine.
Shep. Out, out: My Lords, and please you, 'tis not so
I did beget her, all the Parish knowes:
Her Mother liueth yet, can testifie
She was the first fruite of my Bachler-ship.
War. Gracelesse, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?
Yorke. This argues what her kinde of life hath beene,
Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.
Shep. Fye *Ione*, that thou wilt be so obstacle:
God knowes, thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake haue I shed many a teare:
Deny me not, I prythee, gentle *Ione*.
Pucell. Pezant auant. You haue suborn'd this man
Of purpose, to obfure my Noble birth.
Shep. 'Tis true, I gaue a Noble to the Priest,
The morne that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneele downe and take my blessing, good my Gyrle.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy natiuitie: I would the Milke
Thy mother gaue thee when thou suck't her brest,
Had bin a little Rats-bane for thy sake.
Or else, when thou didst keepe my Lambes a-field,
I wish some rauenous Wolfe had eaten thee.
Dost thou deny thy Father, cursed Drab?
O burne her, burne her, hanging is too good. *Exit.*
Yorke. Take her away, for she hath liu'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.
Puc. First let me tell you whom you haue condemn'd:
Not me, begotten of a Shepherd Swaine,
But issued from the Progeny of Kings.
Vertuous and Holy, chosen from above,
By inspiration of Celestiall Grace,
To worke exceeding myracles on earth.
I neuer had to do with wicked Spirits.
But you that are polluted with your lustes,
Stain'd with the guiltlesse blood of Innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand Vices:
Because you want the grace that others haue,
You iudge it straight a thing impossible
To compasse Wonders, but by helpe of diuels.

No misconceyued, *Ione* of
A Virgin from her tender in
Chaste, and immaculate in
Whose Maiden-blood thus
Will cry for Vengeance, at
Yorke. I, I: away with h
War. And hearken ye fir
Spare for no Faggots, let th
Place barrells of pitch vpon
That so her torture may be
Puc. Will nothing turne
Then *Ione* discouer thine in
That wantanteth by Law, to
I am with childe ye bloody
Murder not then the Fruite
Although ye hale me to a vic
Yor. Now heaven forfend
War. The greatest mirac
Is all your strict precisenesse
Yorke. She and the Dolph
I did imagine what would be
War. Well go too, we'll
Especially since *Charles* must
Puc. You are decey'd, n
It was *Alanson* that inoy'd n
Yorke. *Alanson* that not
It dyes, and if it had a thousa
Puc. Oh giue me leaue, I
'Twas neyther *Charles*, nor y
But *Reignier* King of Naples
War. A married man, tha
Yor. Why here's a Gyrle
(There were so many) whom
War. It's signe she hath be
Yor. And yet forsooth she
Strumpet, thy words conde
Vie no intreaty, for it is in v
Puc. Then lead me hence: w
May neuer glorious Sunne re
Vpon the Countrey where yo
But darknesse, and the gloom
Inuiron you, till Mischeefe a
Driue you to break your nee
Enter *Car*
Yorke. Breake thou in pee
Thou fowle accursed minister
Car. Lord Regent, I do g
With Letters of Commission
For know my Lords, the Sta
Mou'd with remorse of these
Haue earnestly implor'd a ge
Betwixt our Nation, and the
And heere at hand, the Dolph
Approacheth, to conferre ab
Yorke. Is all our trauell tu
After the slaughter of so man
So many Capitaines, Gentlem
That in this quarrell haue bee
And sold their bodies for the
Shall we at last conclude effe
Haue we not lost most part o
By Treason, Falshood, and b
Our great Progenitors had c
Oh *Warwicke*, *Warwicke*,
The vnter losse of all the Real
War. Be patient *Yorke*, if